TEAM FORTRESS®

#4

VALVE®

TEUFORT.

WEEKS AGO.

—GET TO THE COURTHOUSE AND FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE KEEPING SPY AND SCOUT.

AND REMEMBER: *LOW PROFILE.* GOT IT?

OCH AYE. WE'LL BE QUIET AS WEE CHURCH MICE, MISS PAULING.

SOLDIER?

WHAT? YES. WE WILL KILL ALL THE MICE.

CRAP, GOTTA GO.

PYRO! YOU'RE WITH ME.

...ALLEY, MIDDLE OF 7TH AND MAIN, NOON...

HFF

HFF

...MIDDLE OF 7TH AND MAIN, NOON...

HFF

ALLEY! MIDDLE OF 7TH AND MAIN.

EXAAACTLY... **NOON.**

HFF

HFF

...MIDDLE OF 7TH AND MAIN, NOON...

HFF

ALLEY! MIDDLE OF 7TH AND MAIN.

EXAAACTLY... NOON.

MISS PAULING.

ADMINISTRATOR?

OH, THANK GOD!

I'VE ALMOST GOT THE TEAM TOGETHER LIKE YOU ASKED! WE'RE BREAKING OUT SPY AND SCOUT RIGHT NOW. I TRACKED HEAVY TO SIBERIA AND—

DON'T. COME. IN. HERE.

UM.

OKAY.

ARE YOU...

ARE YOU *ALRIGHT*, ADMINI—

NO, I AM *NOT* ALRIGHT!

NOTHING IS ALRIGHT, AND I DO NOT HAVE TIME TO PRETEND TO BE YOUR *FRIEND*, MISS PAULING!

NOW *SHUT UP* AND *LISTEN TO ME!*

ARE YOU...

ARE YOU *ALRIGHT*, ADMINI—

NO, I AM *NOT* ALRIGHT!

NOTHING IS ALRIGHT, AND I DO NOT HAVE TIME TO PRETEND TO BE YOUR *FRIEND*, MISS PAULING!

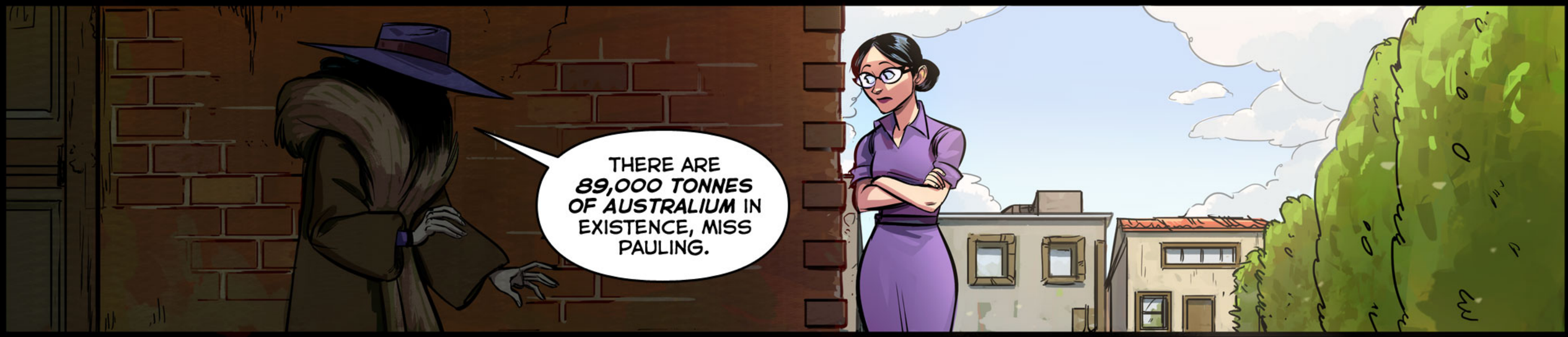
NOW *SHUT UP* AND *LISTEN TO ME!*

SIGH

I APOLOGIZE. YOU'VE DONE WELL. AND I'M...

...PROUD OF YOU.

BUT WE DON'T HAVE TIME. PLEASE JUST LISTEN.


THERE ARE 89,000 TONNES OF AUSTRALIUM IN EXISTENCE, MISS PAULING.

THERE ARE *89,000 TONNES OF AUSTRALIUM* IN EXISTENCE, MISS PAULING.

OVER THE LAST SIX MONTHS I HAVE LIED, CHEATED AND KILLED TO OBTAIN *ALL* OF IT.

UM.

THE MERCS AND I HAVE BEEN OFF THE GRID FOR THE LAST *SIX MONTHS.*

HOW HAVE YOU BEEN *GETTING* ALL THESE...?

THERE ARE *89,000 TONNES OF AUSTRALIUM* IN EXISTENCE, MISS PAULING.

OVER THE LAST SIX MONTHS I HAVE LIED, CHEATED AND KILLED TO OBTAIN *ALL* OF IT.

UM.

THE MERCS AND I HAVE BEEN OFF THE GRID FOR THE LAST *SIX MONTHS.*

HOW HAVE YOU BEEN *GETTING* ALL THESE...?

YOU'RE BETTER OFF NOT KNOWING.

THERE IS *ONE LAST CACHE OF AUSTRALIUM,* MISS PAULING.

AND WE'RE NO LONGER THE ONLY ONES LOOKING FOR IT.

YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME. FINISH GATHERING YOUR MEN AND GET TO THAT CACHE QUICKLY.

MEET ME AT THESE COORDINATES ONCE YOU HAVE IT.

YES, MA'AM.

I'M STILL TRYING TO FIND MEDIC AND ENGINEER, BUT—

YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME. FINISH GATHERING YOUR MEN AND GET TO THAT CACHE QUICKLY.

MEET ME AT THESE COORDINATES ONCE YOU HAVE IT.

YES, MA'AM.

I'M STILL TRYING TO FIND MEDIC AND ENGINEER, BUT—

FORGET ABOUT THEM.

GATHER THE MERCS YOU *HAVE* FOUND AND *GET MY AUSTRALIUM.*

AND IF YOU *DO* RUN INTO THIS OTHER TEAM...

DON'T WORRY. WE CAN HANDLE THEM.

YES, I KNOW THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK.

LISTEN TO ME:

TAKE THE AUSTRALIUM AND *RUN.*

PART FOUR:

BLOOD IN THE WATER

AUSTRALIA.

NOW.

SO THIS MISSION MISS PAULING SENT US ON. IT'S A ***SECRET*** MISSION, RIGHT? SO ONLY PEOPLE SHE ***REALLY*** TRUSTS.

YES.

AND MISS PAULING ASKED FOR ME ***SPECIFICALLY.***

YES, FINE.

WHY DIDN'T SHE TALK TO ME INSTEADA YOU? DID SHE SAY?

DID SHE SAY IT WAS FOR SEXUAL TENSION REASONS?

THAT IS FINE.

WAIT. IT'S JUST THE TWO OF US. HOW'S SHE EXPECT US TO GET ALL THE AUSTRALIUM OUTTA THIS PLACE?

THERE *IS* NO AUSTRALIUM.

HOW DO YOU KNOW *THAT?*

I DO NOT KNOW. I SUSPECT.

WHY THE HELL ARE WE *GOIN'*, THEN?

HOW MUCH AUSTRALIUM HAVE YOU HELPED THE OLD WOMAN TO FIND?

UHHH.

NONE.

NONE OF US HAVE. AND YET IN LAST SIX MONTHS SHE HAS STILL MANAGED TO TAKE ALMOST *ALL* OF IT.

SO: WHO HAS BEEN *HELPING* HER?

I DUNNO. WHO CARES?

I THINK MISS PAULING CARES.

AND YOU GOT ALL THAT FROM "GO HERE"?
YOU SHOULD LISTEN MORE AND TALK LESS.

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AND YOU GOT ALL THAT FROM "GO HERE"?

YOU SHOULD LISTEN MORE AND TALK LESS.

SO YOUR DAD'S DEAD, HUH?

YES.

YEAH, MINE DISAPPEARED.

YES. YOUR FATHER DISAPPEARS OFTEN.

AND YOU GOT ALL THAT FROM "GO HERE"?

YOU SHOULD LISTEN MORE AND TALK LESS.

SO YOUR DAD'S DEAD, HUH?

YES.

YEAH, MINE DISAPPEARED.

YES. YOUR FATHER DISAPPEARS OFTEN.

WHAT? NO!

MY DAD'S ***DEAD!*** I DON'T HAVE A DAD!

AND YOU GOT ALL THAT FROM "GO HERE"?

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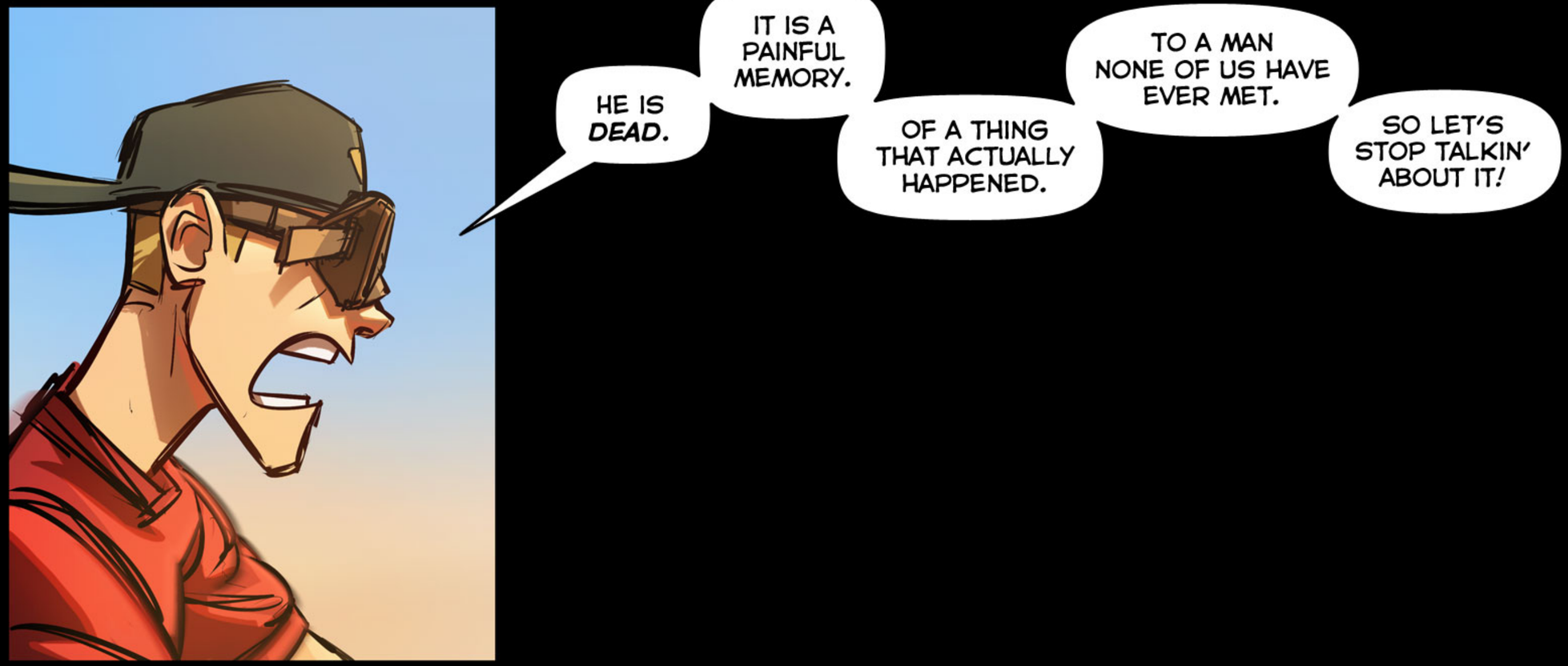
HE IS *DEAD*.
IT IS A PAINFUL MEMORY.
OF A THING THAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED.
TO A MAN NONE OF US HAVE EVER MET.
SO LET'S STOP TALKIN' ABOUT IT!

HE IS ***DEAD.***

IT IS A PAINFUL MEMORY.

OF A THING THAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED.

TO A MAN NONE OF US HAVE EVER MET.

SO LET'S STOP TALKIN' ABOUT IT!

YES.

FINE.

G'DAY

I'M NOT A *BABYSITTER.*

YOU'RE NOT BABYSITTING HIM. HE'S YOUR BACKUP.

HE'S A LIABILITY. YOU'RE NOT *STILL* LOOKING FOR THE BUSHMAN, ARE YOU?

ALMOST DONE. WE'RE FOLLOWING UP ON ONE LAST LEAD.

HE'S HIDING SOMEWHERE IN THE BUSHES. DO WE REALLY NEED TO FIND HIM SO HE CAN GO HIDE IN A DIFFERENT SET OF BUSHES?

I STILL SAY—

SPY, DID YOU CALL ME JUST TO COMPLAIN?

SIGH

NOT ORIGINALLY, NO.

I'LL CALL WHEN I'M DONE.

CLICK

ACH, PULL OVER. THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE.

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I'LL CALL WHEN I'M DONE.

CLICK

ACH, PULL OVER. THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE.

BLOODY HELL, I'VE SLEPT ON *TOILETS* NICER THAN THIS. SNIPER'S *PARENTS* LIVE HERE?

THEY *DID.* WHAT *HAPPENED* HERE...?

HELLO?

MR. AND MRS. MUNDY?

SNIPER?

WELL, THERE'S NOBODY HERE. LET'S GO.

HOLD ON, HOLD ON. WE DROVE ALL THE WAY OUT HERE.

WE SHOULD AT LEAST SEARCH THE PLACE.

MISS PAULING, ALL WE'RE GONNA FIND IS A ROOM FULLA PISS-JARS AND FINGERNAILS.

HELLO?

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THE MAN'S A BLOODY LUNATIC. WE TRIED TA FIND HIM, AND WE CAN'T. GOOD RIDDANCE.

LET'S GET OUTTA THIS HOVEL BEFORE HE MAKES A LAMP OUT OF OUR FACES.

HELLO?

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AGHHHH!

TUNK

DEMO!

EXPECT HEAVY RESISTANCE ALONG THE EASTERN PERIMETER.
I WANT YOU TO TREAT THESE MEN WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE.
ESPASSING
AVAL SUBMARINE BASE
AUSTRALIAN NAVAL SUBMARINE BASE

EXPECT HEAVY RESISTANCE ALONG THE EASTERN PERIMETER.

I WANT YOU TO TREAT THESE MEN WITH ***EXTREME PREJUDICE.***

ESPASSING

AVAL SUBMARINE BASE

AUSTRALIAN NAVAL SUBMARINE BASE

YOU... WANT ME TO BE RACIST AT THEM.

I'VE MADE THAT SAME MISTAKE, BUT NO.

"EXTREME PREJUDICE" JUST MEANS KILLING EVERYBODY AS VIOLENTLY AS POSSIBLE.

I WILL LEAVE THE AMOUNT OF ***ACTUAL*** PREJUDICE TO YOUR DISCRETION.

MEANWHILE, I WILL BE CREATING A DISTRACTION ON THE WESTERN PERIMETER.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO KILL THEM ALL.

SUBMARINE

YES. IT WILL BE THE ULTIMATE DISTRACTION.

AND THEN EAST MEETS WEST IN THE MIDDLE, YES?

LOOK FOR THE NAKED MAN COVERED IN BLOOD.

IT WILL PROBABLY BE ME.

LOOK, I WAS GOING TO SAVE THIS FOR LATER, BUT...

SON, THESE ARE ***AUSTRALIANS*** WE'RE UP AGAINST.

THERE IS A GOOD CHANCE WE WILL BE GOING ON OUR HONEYMOON IN ***BODYBAGS***.

SO...

MEANWHILE, I WILL BE CREATING A DISTRACTION ON THE WESTERN PERIMETER.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO KILL THEM ALL.

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THERE IS A GOOD CHANCE WE WILL BE GOING ON OUR HONEYMOON IN ***BODYBAGS***.

SO...

I AM MAKING YOU A NECKLACE OF HUMAN EARS.

I KNOW IT'S UPSETTING TO LOOK AT, BUT TRUST ME: BY THE TIME IT'S FINISHED, THERE WILL BE A ***LOT*** MORE EARS ON IT.

ZHANNA...?

SSSSSSSMACK!

IF YOU TWO ARE FINISHED RUTTING LIKE PIGS...

I'VE BEEN SCOUTING AHEAD.

SPY! WE CAME UP WITH A PLAN!

NO YOU DIDN'T, AND YOU'RE BOTH MORONS.

WHAT?!

ZHANNA! QUICKLY! BE RACIST!

YOU [redacted] THE [redacted].

HA! YOU HEAR THAT, STUPID? MY FIANCEE HATES YOUR WHOLE STINKING ***RACE!*** BET YOU DIDN'T PLAN FOR ***THAT!***

SIGH

FOLLOW ME.

HOLD ON. WHERE *IS* EVERYBODY?

OHHHH, I GET IT! YOU KEPT ALL THE KILLS FOR ***YOURSELF!***

SNUCK IN, BACKSTABBED EVERYBODY AND TOOK THE KEYS!

I GUESS I CAN GET THOSE EARS ON THE WAY OUT...

I DIDN'T KILL ANYONE FOR THESE KEYS.

HOLD ON. WHERE *IS* EVERYBODY?

OHHHH, I GET IT! YOU KEPT ALL THE KILLS FOR ***YOURSELF!***

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I DIDN'T KILL ANYONE FOR THESE KEYS.

THEY ***GAVE*** THEM TO ME.

WE ARE SURROUNDED!
SPY, YOU IDIOT! IT'S A TRAP!
LET'S GO, FISTS! MAKE ME PROUD, MEN!

HUTTAH!

NECK SN—

WE ARE SURROUNDED!

SPY, YOU IDIOT! IT'S A TRAP!

LET'S GO, FISTS! MAKE ME *PROUD*, MEN!

HUTTAH!

WE ARE SURROUNDED!

SPY, YOU IDIOT! IT'S A TRAP!

LET'S GO, FISTS! MAKE ME *PROUD*, MEN!

HUTTAH!

HUTTAH.

WE ARE SURROUNDED!

SPY, YOU IDIOT! IT'S A TRAP!

LET'S GO, FISTS! MAKE ME *PROUD*, MEN!

HUTTAH!

HUTTAH.

NECK SNAP!

STOP!

STOP, YOU IDIOTS!

NONE OF THIS IS NECESSARY!

YOU.

GIVE ME YOUR SUBMARINE.

YEAH, SURE, MATE.

SO WE SNAPPED THAT MAN'S NECK FOR NOTHING.

I'M AFRAID SO.

OH.

MAYBE WE SHOULD SNAP ONE MORE JUST TO BE—

NO.

I WILL NOT BELIEVE THIS! AUSTRALIANS ARE STRONGEST *FIGHTERS IN WORLD!*

YOU! FIGHT ME!

PAT

THESE MEN ARE NOT AUSTRALIANS!

THEY ARE *CUPCAKES!*

PAT

PAT

PAT

NO, THESE *ARE* AUSTRALIANS.

AUSTRALIANS ROBBED OF THE SOURCE OF ALL THEIR POWER.

THEIR AUSTRALIUM MINE WENT DRY TWO MONTHS AGO.

RATHER SUDDENLY, I'M TOLD.

S'ALL TRUE, MATE. EVERY LAST BIT OF IT'S GONE.

WE'RE WEAK AS KITTENS.

LITTLE HELP?

THIS IS ALL SO SAD.

IT'S AGAINST EVERYTHING I STAND FOR, BUT...

NECK FIX

THERE. GOOD AS NEW.

LISTEN, ENLISTED MAN TO ENLISTED MAN, I PROMISED MY LADY FRIEND SOME EARS.

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU COULD...

I...

I CAN ASK THE LADS...

YOU GUYS ARE THE BEST. I'LL GO FIND A KNIFE.

PAT

PAT

PAT

MISS PAULING STILL AIN'T ANSWERIN' THE PHONE.

HUH. THAT AIN'T LIKE HER. I HOPE SHE'S OKAY.

MISS PAULING CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF.

LET'S LOOK AROUND.

SO THIS IS AYER'S ROCK, HUH? I ALWAYS FIGURED IT WAS MADE OF AUSTRALIUM.

IT IS.

YEAH, NO, IT'S NOT. AUSTRALIUM'S ***YELLOW.***

Y'KNOW, JUST 'CAUSE YA BARELY TALK DON'T MAKE WHAT YA ***DO*** SAY ANY SMARTER.

NAH, WHAT WE GOT *HERE*, BROTHER, IS A BILLION TONS A' GOOD OL' *MAGMUS SEDIMALISHUS MINERALIS*— OR "COMMON ROCK" TO THE LAYMAN.

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IT IS FOUND THROUGHOUT THE LANDS, AS IT HAS BEEN THROUGH HISTORY. ALSO...

WHAT THE...

TONK

SHIFFFFFFFT

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IT IS FOUND THROUGHOUT THE LANDS, AS IT HAS BEEN THROUGH HISTORY. ALSO...

WHAT THE...

TONK

SHIFFFFFFFT

YES! YES! I *KNEW* IT!

SCREW YOU, EVERYBODY! I FINALLY GOT SUPER STRONG!

CRNK

IS HOLLOW SHELL MADE OF BALSA WOOD AND STYROFOAM.

FOLLOW ME.

BE SILENT.
SOMEONE IS HERE.

BE SILENT.

SOMEONE IS HERE.

WOWWWW. LOOKIT ALL *THIS!*

SO THIS IS WHERE AUSTRALIANS GET ALL THEIR AUSTRALIUM, HUH?

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND YOU. I HAVE TOLD YOU THAT SOMEONE IS HERE AND TO BE SILENT.

HOLD ON, THAT AIN'T RIGHT. ALL THE AUSTRALIUM'S—

HOLD ON, THAT AIN'T RIGHT. ALL THE AUSTRALIUM'S—

GGK?

KT-CHHHH!

KHK! HEAVY!

PULL ME UP PULL ME UP PULL ME UP!

TUG

HOLD ON, THAT AIN'T RIGHT. ALL THE AUSTRALIUM'S—

GGK?

KT-CHHHH!

KHK! HEAVY!

PULL ME UP PULL ME UP PULL ME UP!

TUG

NNNNG!

OW!

OW OW OW OW!

OKAY, THAT IS NOT WORKIN'! LET ME GO LET ME GO LET ME—

CRACK

...GO!
AGGHHHH!

...GO!

AGGHHHH!

SNAG

GOT HIM!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

TOOM

...GO!

AGGHHHH!

SNAG

GOT HIM!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

TOOM

YOU BETTER START TALKING, BECAUSE IN FIVE SECONDS I'M GOING TO PUT ***MY FOOT UP YOUR ASS!***

THEN WE'LL ***BOTH*** HAVE TO GO TO A ***SPECIAL HOSPITAL!*** FEET UP THE ASS ARE LIKE ARROWS, SON, YOU CAN'T JUST ***PULL*** 'EM OUT! THEY'LL HAVE TO PUSH MY WHOLE BODY OUT THROUGH YOUR MOUTH!

TRUST ME, ***SPEAK UP!*** NEITHER OF US WANTS THIS!

OH MY GOD! IT'S JUST A TINY CHILD!

I'M SO SORRY, LITTLE BOY!

DON'T BABY HIM, MAGS! HE'LL GROW UP SOFT!

WHAT? I'M NOT A KID!

GOOD LORD, SAX. I THINK IT'S TELLING THE TRUTH.

IT'S... SOME SORT OF *TINY LITTLE FULL-GROWN MAN.*

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GODDAMMIT, LADY...

I'M A HIRED KILLER! MISTER HALE, *YOU* HIRED ME! WE'RE YOUR MERCS!

MY MERCS? WHICH—

OHHHH. *YOU* GUYS.

HELEN SENT YOU, THEN?

YES.

YES, THE OLD WOMAN SENT US.

WHAT? NO, MISS PAUL—

WELL, IF IT'S AUSTRALIUM SHE'S AFTER, YOU'RE TOO LATE.
IT'S ALL GONE, MATE. EVERY LAST DAMN BIT OF IT.
WE ARE NOT HERE FOR AUSTRALIUM.
WE ARE HERE FOR THE *MEN WHO TOOK IT.*
YOU ARE? SWEET PANDA STEAKS, I *LOVE* IT!
THE THREE OF US'LL *TRACK DOWN* WHOEVER TOOK THE ROCKS, *GET* THE ROCKS BACK, THEN *USE* THE ROCKS TO BEAT THE BRAINS OUT OF THEIR STUPID EYEHOLES!

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SAX, WHAT ABOUT THIS THING?

LEAVE IT.

IT MAKES ME SAD INSIDE JUST LOOKING AT IT.

AW, SAX, *SHH!* I THINK IT KNOWS WHAT WE'RE SAYING!

WHAT IS ***WRONG*** WITH YOU TWO?

FINE, BRING IT! BUT LET'S ***MOVE!***

THE SOONER WE FIND THAT AUSTRALIUM, THE SOONER I'LL GET ***MANN CO.*** BACK!

RIGHT.

MANN CO.

HWWWWWK!
PTUH!
SPLT

SPLAT

SPLOOT

HWWWWWK! PTUH! HWWWWK! PTUH!

BLOODY HELL, GIRL!

ARE YOU SPITTING ON ME?

YES!

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO WAKE YOU UP FOR TEN MINUTES!

YE'VE BEEN SPITTIN' ON ME FOR TEN MINUTES?

DEMO, I'M TIED UP AND I'M WORRIED AND I'M VERY THIRSTY!

WELL. THAT IS DISGUSTIN'.

BUT IT WORKED. I'M UP.

AYE, HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO. THERE'S A FORK ON THE FLOOR JUST BEHIND YOU.

KICK IT OVER AND I'LL—

SPLAT

SPLOOT

HWWWWWK! PTUH! HWWWWK! PTUH!

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TUNK

SORRY, MATE. CAN'T HAVE YOU UP AND ABOUT FOR WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

WHAT'S IN THAT? DID YOU *POISON* HIM, SNIPER?

NAH. GAVE 'IM A NECKFUL OF THE FAMILY MOONSHINE.

FRESH BATCH. IT DON'T KEEP LONG. MELTS THROUGH THE BARRELS.

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ANYWAY.

LET'S GET TO IT.

MY PARENTS... PASSED SIX MONTHS AGO.

SNIPER, I'M SORRY...

NOT MY POINT.

WHEN I WAS CLEARIN' OUT THE HOUSE, I FOUND SOMETHIN'.

THEY'RE NOT MY REAL PARENTS.

SO I WENT OFF THE GRID FOR A BIT. STARTED DIGGIN' AROUND.

EVERYTHING LEAVES A TRAIL, MISS PAULING. ***EVERYTHING.***

EXCEPT ***ME.*** IT'S LIKE I FELL FROM THE SKY.

NOBODY KNOWS ***NOTHIN'.***

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EXCEPT ***ME***. IT'S LIKE I FELL FROM THE SKY.

NOBODY KNOWS ***NOTHIN'***.

BUT ***YOU*** KNOW.

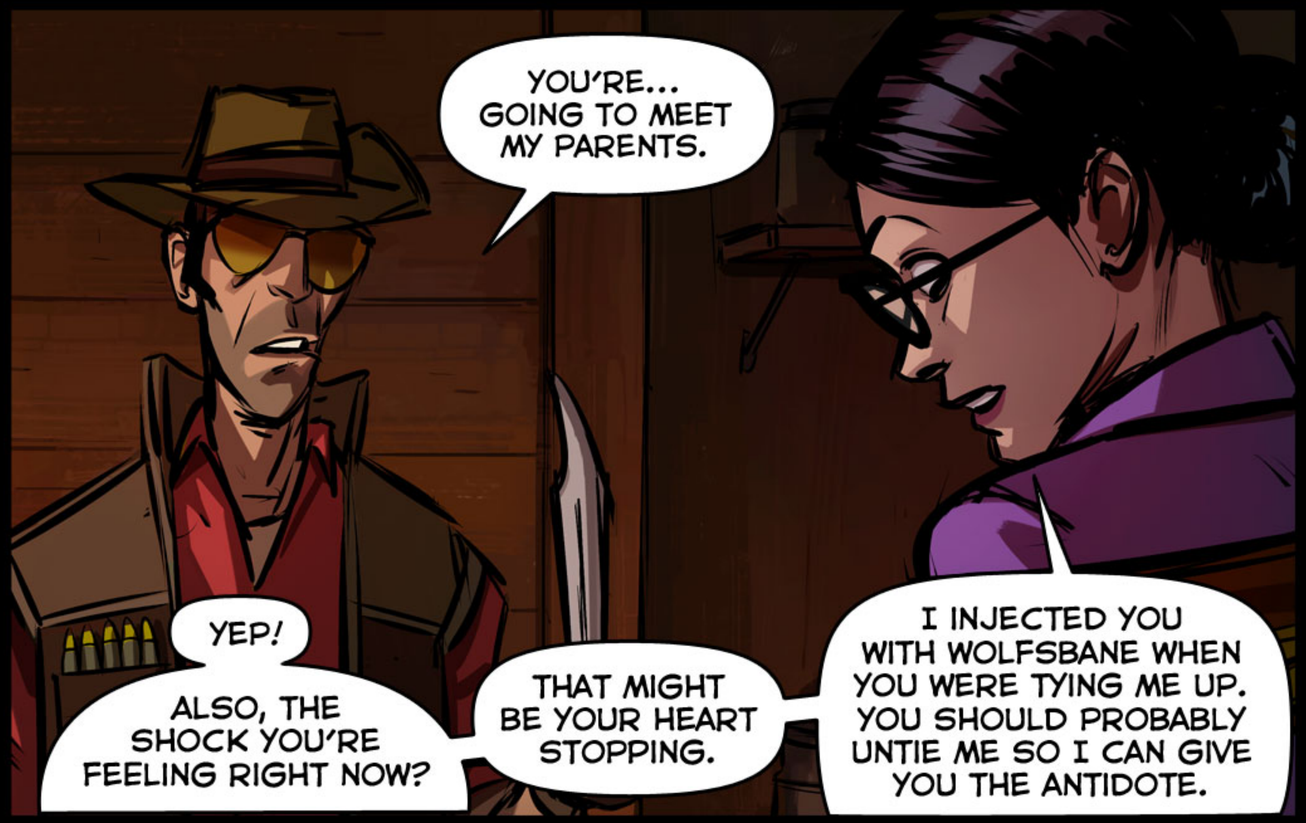
DON'TCHA, MISS PAULING?

SO HERE'S WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN.

YER GONNA START TALKIN', AND—

JESUS, SNIPER, IS ***THAT*** ALL YOU WANT? TO MEET YOUR BIRTH PARENTS?

WE'RE GOING THERE NOW! WE CAME TO ASK YOU TO COME ***WITH*** US!


YOU'RE... GOING TO MEET MY PARENTS.
YEP!
ALSO, THE SHOCK YOU'RE FEELING RIGHT NOW?
THAT MIGHT BE YOUR HEART STOPPING.
I INJECTED YOU WITH WOLFSBANE WHEN YOU WERE TYING ME UP. YOU SHOULD PROBABLY UNTIE ME SO I CAN GIVE YOU THE ANTIDOTE.

YOU'RE... GOING TO MEET MY PARENTS.

I INJECTED YOU WITH WOLFSBANE WHEN YOU WERE TYING ME UP. YOU SHOULD PROBABLY UNTIE ME SO I CAN GIVE YOU THE ANTIDOTE.

THAT MIGHT BE YOUR HEART STOPPING.

YEP!

ALSO, THE SHOCK YOU'RE FEELING RIGHT NOW?

HEH. IS THAT WHERE YOU WERE GOING TO BURY US?

YEP. RIGHT IN THOSE SHALLOW GRAVES.

HRM. THAT SEEMS *TOO* SHALLOW. BARELY EVEN A GRAVE AT THAT POINT.

YOU KNOW, YOU COULD BE DIGGING THOSE SIX INCHES SHALLOWER.

I THOUGHT THE SAME THING. BUT HERE'S THE SECRET: ***GET A HACKSAW.***

SPEEDS UP THE DECOMP RATE. TRUST ME, TEN MINUTES WITH A SAW WILL SAVE YOU THIRTY WITH A SHOVEL.

HM.

GRGL

SPEAKIN' OF GRAVES, SHOULD I JUST...

NO, WE'LL NEED HIM.

DAMN, THAT IS *IN* THERE.
TELL YOU WHAT, LET'S PUT YOU UNDER SO I CAN–
JUST DO IT.

DAMN, THAT IS *IN* THERE.

TELL YOU WHAT, LET'S PUT YOU UNDER SO I CAN–

JUST DO IT.

I, UH... WELL— LOOK, THIS IS GONNA *HURT*, MA'AM.

MISTER CONAGHER, I HAVEN'T FELT ANYTHING IN A *LONG* TIME.

SUIT YERSELF.

LET'S GET THIS LITTLE NUMBER OUT.

SHLLKTT

THERE SHE IS. THE MARK FIVE.

NOW, SHE'LL RUN LEAN. PROBABLY A QUARTER OF THE AUSTRALIUM THE MARK FOUR WAS GOBBLIN' UP.

BUT I'LL BE HONEST WITH YA, WE'RE JUST KICKIN' THE CAN DOWN THE ROAD HERE.

WHEN IT RUNS OUT... WELL...

WHEN IT RUNS OUT, I WILL ***DIE***.

YOUR FAMILY HAS ALREADY GIVEN ME MORE TIME THAN ANY OF US DESERVES, MISTER CONAGHER.

THERE SHE IS. THE MARK FIVE.

NOW, SHE'LL RUN LEAN. PROBABLY A QUARTER OF THE AUSTRALIUM THE MARK FOUR WAS GOBBLIN' UP.

BUT I'LL BE HONEST WITH YA, WE'RE JUST KICKIN' THE CAN DOWN THE ROAD HERE.

WHEN IT RUNS OUT... WELL...

WHEN IT RUNS OUT, I WILL ***DIE***.

YOUR FAMILY HAS ALREADY GIVEN ME MORE TIME THAN ANY OF US DESERVES, MISTER CONAGHER.

I DON'T ***NEED*** MUCH MORE.

JUST ENOUGH TO SETTLE AN OLD DEBT.

THE NINE OF YOU WERE HAND-PICKED BY THE ADMINISTRATOR BECAUSE YOU'RE THE ***BEST OF THE BEST***, SOLDIER.

AGREED. CONTINUE.

THAT MEANS I CAN ***TRUST*** YOU.

I DON'T ***KNOW*** WHO THIS "ZHANNA" IS.

WHAT IF SHE COMPROMISES THE MISSION? SHE HAS A NECKLACE OF ***HUMAN EARS***, FOR GOD'S SAKE.

THE NINE OF YOU WERE HAND-PICKED BY THE ADMINISTRATOR BECAUSE YOU'RE THE ***BEST OF THE BEST***, SOLDIER.

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WHAT IF SHE COMPROMISES THE MISSION? SHE HAS A NECKLACE OF ***HUMAN EARS***, FOR GOD'S SAKE.

YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT ZHANNA?

HERE IS STORY ABOUT ZHANNA.

ONCE UPON A TIME ***I DO NOT LIKE YOU.***

THE END.

YOU SAID SHE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD WE WERE SAYING!

YES. I MEANT THAT ***I*** COULDN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD ***YOU*** WERE SAYING.

WHAT DO YOU GUYS KNOW ABOUT NEW ZEALAND?

THAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO TELL US ABOUT IT AT LENGTH.

A LOT OF PEOPLE CONFUSE IT WITH AUSTRALIA. BUT NEW ZEALAND WAS REALLY THE OPPOSITE.

ARTISTS. INTELLECTUALS. SCIENTISTS.

ALL THEY WANTED WAS TO BE LEFT ALONE.

FORTY YEARS AGO THEY GOT THEIR WISH.

THEY BUILT A GIANT GLASS DOME OVER THE WHOLE COUNTRY AND SUNK IT TO THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

THEY LIVED DOWN HERE FOR YEARS.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A UTOPIA. A PARADISE UNDER THE SEA.

BUT SOMETHING HAPPENED.

THAT'S WHERE MY REAL PARENTS ARE? THE LOST BLOODY LAND OF NEW ZEALAND?

ACCORDING TO THE ADMINISTRATOR, YES.

ALONG WITH THE LAST CACHE OF AUSTRALIUM.

LOOK ALIVE, EVERYBODY. WE'RE HERE.

B-DEEP

CROOOOM

SO HELP ME GOD, IF YOU AND THAT OLD DEVIL ARE MAKIN' THIS UP, I'LL...

I'LL...

THAT'S WHERE MY REAL PARENTS ARE? THE LOST BLOODY LAND OF NEW ZEALAND?

ACCORDING TO THE ADMINISTRATOR, YES.

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B-DEEP

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SO HELP ME GOD, IF YOU AND THAT OLD DEVIL ARE MAKIN' THIS UP, I'LL...

I'LL...

DAD?

WELCOME TO NEW ZEALAND, SON.

WELCOME HOME.

MINISTERS!

A DECADE AGO I **WARNED** YOU A DISASTER WAS COMING!

I **WARNED** YOU WE MUST MOVE OUR NATION **BENEATH THE SEA!**

AND YOU WOULD NOT **LISTEN!**

WE *DID* LISTEN!

WE'RE UNDERWATER *RIGHT NOW!*

WE DID EVERYTHING YOU TOLD US TO! AND NOTHING HAPPENED!

OF COURSE NOT! THE POINT IS, I WAS RIGHT THEN AND I AM RIGHT *NOW!*

AND I AM TELLING YOU WE NEED TO GET THIS STINKING COUNTRY OUT OF THE OCEAN AND INTO SPACE!

WE *DID* LISTEN!

WE'RE UNDERWATER *RIGHT NOW!*

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AND I AM TELLING YOU WE NEED TO GET THIS STINKING COUNTRY OUT OF THE OCEAN AND INTO SPACE!

BILL-BEL, WE WOULD LIKE NOTHING MORE THAN TO *STOP* LIVING IN A FRAGILE GLASS DOME AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN!

BUT YOU EXHAUSTED ALL OF OUR RESOURCES GETTING US HERE!

WE ALL *HATE* LIVING UNDERWATER! IT IS THE WORST!

WE'RE BROKE!

GET OUT!

WE *DID* LISTEN!

WE'RE UNDERWATER *RIGHT NOW!*

WE DID EVERYTHING YOU TOLD US TO! AND NOTHING HAPPENED!

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WE ALL *HATE* LIVING UNDERWATER! IT IS THE WORST!

WE'RE BROKE!

GET OUT!

NEW ZEALAND.

MANY YEARS AGO.

NO MONEY... BAH!

HAVE TO HAVE MONEY *SOMEWHERE...*

MY CALCULATIONS *PROVE* IT!

BILL-BEL! HUSBAND, WHAT DID THEY SAY?

THEY TOLD ME THEY'D ***SPENT ALL OF THEIR MONEY*** ALREADY!

WHAT? DID YOU SHOW THEM YOUR CALCULATIONS PROVING HOW MUCH MONEY THEY HAVE?

I DIDN'T HAVE THE CHANCE!

WHAT?

THEY ALSO SAID THEY ***HATED*** LIVING IN THE DOME!

DID YOU TELL THEM THAT ***EVERYBODY*** LOVES LIVING IN THE DOME?

I ***TRIED!*** THEY KICKED ME OUT!

BILL-BEL! HUSBAND, WHAT DID THEY SAY?

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I *TRIED!* THEY KICKED ME OUT!

WELL, WE'LL SEE HOW MUCH THEY HATE THE DOME WHEN IT'S *FILLED WITH MAGMA!*

AND WE'RE FLYING THROUGH SPACE, IN OUR... OUR...

BILL-BEL, WHY IS THERE ONLY ONE SEAT IN THE ROCKET?

I'M SORRY, LAR-NAH.

IT WAS ALL I HAD TIME TO BUILD.

OH, BILL-BEL...

WE CAN'T SAVE OUR *PEOPLE*, DEAR WIFE. BUT WE CAN AT LEAST SAVE OUR *FUTURE*.

GIVE ME LITTLE MUN-DEE.

BILL-BEL! HUSBAND, WHAT DID THEY SAY?

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WE CAN'T SAVE OUR *PEOPLE*, DEAR WIFE. BUT WE CAN AT LEAST SAVE OUR *FUTURE*.

GIVE ME LITTLE MUN-DEE.

I WANT TO EMBRACE HIM ONE LAST TIME BEFORE I FLY TO SAFETY IN THIS ROCKET.

I'M SURE YOU'LL AGREE IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT THE PERSON WHO *DISCOVERED* THE DANGER SHOULD BE THE ONE TO ESCAPE FROM IT.

DO NOT WEEP FOR ME, MY WIFE AND CHILD, FOR IT IS A *FAR SAFER PLACE I GO TO* THAN—

LAR-NAH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

GET THE @#$% OUT OF MY ROCKET!

I PAID FOR THIS TINY PIECE OF CRAP! I'M THE ONLY ONE OF US WITH A *JOB!*

THERE WAS NOTHING KEEPING YOU AND THE BABY FROM BUILDING YOUR OWN SPACESHIPS!

ENF

RFF

THE SHIP! IT'S *STARTING!*

WHAT?

MUN-DEE! THAT'S *MOMMY'S* SHIP! GET OUT OF THERE THIS *INSTANT!*

BUT BABY MUN-DEE DOES NOT SPEAK ENGLISH!

THE ROCKET ***BLASTS OFF,*** SMASHING THROUGH NEW ZEALAND'S PROTECTIVE DOME, UP INTO ***THE STARS!***

BUT BABY MUN-DEE DOES NOT SPEAK ENGLISH!

THE ROCKET ***BLASTS OFF,*** SMASHING THROUGH NEW ZEALAND'S PROTECTIVE DOME, UP INTO ***THE STARS!***

DUE TO FAULTY CONSTRUCTION, HOWEVER, IT MAKES IT ***NOWHERE NEAR THE STARS!***

IT INSTEAD LANDS A MILE AWAY, IN ***AUSTRALIA.***

OUR PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED!

A ROCKET OF OUR VERY OWN!

JONATHAN, I THINK THERE'S A ***CHILD*** IN THERE!

BUT BABY MUN-DEE DOES NOT SPEAK ENGLISH!

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JONATHAN, I THINK THERE'S A ***CHILD*** IN THERE!

GREAT. YOUR STUPID ROCKET BROKE THE DOME.

NOW WE WON'T EVEN LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE YOUR PROPHECY COME TRUE.

WELL, AT LEAST WE CAN TAKE ***SOME*** COMFORT.

THERE MAY BE NO FUTURE FOR ***US...***

OR FOR ***NEW ZEALAND...***

BUT LITTLE MUN-DEE WILL HAVE A FUTURE FOR ***HIMSELF.***

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OR FOR ***NEW ZEALAND...***

BUT LITTLE MUN-DEE WILL HAVE A FUTURE FOR ***HIMSELF.***

HMM.

NO, I KNOW.

I'M NOT COMFORTED EITHER.

...AND THANKS TO YOUR FATHER, EVERYONE IN NEW ZEALAND ***DROWNED,*** AND WE'VE BEEN STUCK IN THIS SEALED LAB EVER SINCE.

WHERE YOUR MOTHER HAS BEEN TRYING TO DROWN ***HERSELF***, ONE BOTTLE OF WINE AT A TIME.

BILL-BEL, WHEN THIS WINE RUNS OUT I AM GOING TO SHOOT YOU AND THEN KILL MYSELF.

YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD BE NICE, LAR-NAH? TO GET THROUGH ***ONE DAY*** WITHOUT YOU PROPOSING A MURDER-SUICIDE.

...AND THANKS TO YOUR FATHER, EVERYONE IN NEW ZEALAND ***DROWNED,*** AND WE'VE BEEN STUCK IN THIS SEALED LAB EVER SINCE.

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YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD BE NICE, LAR-NAH? TO GET THROUGH ***ONE DAY*** WITHOUT YOU PROPOSING A MURDER-SUICIDE.

IT... IT ALL MAKES SO MUCH SENSE NOW.

WHY I NEVER GREW A MOUSTACHE OR AUSTRALIA-SHAPED CHEST HAIR.

WHY I NEVER WANTED TO FIST-FIGHT LIKE THE OTHER ***KIDS***. I'D JUST HIDE IN A TREE AND THROW STONES AT THEM...

IT'S BECAUSE I'M NOT...

ACTUALLY...

...AND THANKS TO YOUR FATHER, EVERYONE IN NEW ZEALAND ***DROWNED,*** AND WE'VE BEEN STUCK IN THIS SEALED LAB EVER SINCE.

WHERE YOUR MOTHER HAS BEEN TRYING TO DROWN ***HERSELF***, ONE BOTTLE OF WINE AT A TIME.

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YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD BE NICE, LAR-NAH? TO GET THROUGH ***ONE DAY*** WITHOUT YOU PROPOSING A MURDER-SUICIDE.

AUSTR—

UM. HI. IF I COULD BUTT IN FOR ***JUST*** A SECOND HERE...

DID EITHER OF YOU NOTICE A ***BIG PILE OF YELLOW ROCKS*** AROUND HERE?

THEY'RE, UM, WORTHLESS, PRETTY MUCH. BUT MY EMPLOYER HAS A CRAZY FONDNESS —

HA HA!
MY GOOD WOMAN, I'M A *SCIENTIST!* YOU CAN'T FOOL ME. I KNOW THE TRUE VALUE OF THAT METAL.

DANG.
I FORGOT YOU WERE A SCIENTIST.
SO YOU PROBABLY ALREADY FIGURED OUT IT WORKS AS A NUCLEAR SUPERFUEL.
WHICH MEANS YOU *ALSO* PUT TOGETHER THAT IT CAN HYPER-EXTEND THE HUMAN LIFESPAN.

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WHICH MEANS YOU ***ALSO*** PUT TOGETHER THAT IT CAN HYPER-EXTEND THE HUMAN LIFESPAN.

EXACTLY. THAT'S EXACTLY PRECISELY WHAT I WAS—

HE HAD NO IDEA.

YOU WANNA SEE WHAT THE GENIUS DID WITH IT?

YOU USED IT TO *PAINT YOUR SPACESHIP?*

HARDLY. THIS REPRESENTS A *FRACTION* OF THE AUSTRALIUM.

OH THANK GOD.

WHERE—?

I USED MOST OF IT TO PAINT THE *PROTOTYPE* SPACESHIPS.

THEY EXPLODED.

YOU USED IT TO *PAINT YOUR SPACESHIP?*

HARDLY. THIS REPRESENTS A *FRACTION* OF THE AUSTRALIUM.

OH THANK GOD.

WHERE—?

I USED MOST OF IT TO PAINT THE *PROTOTYPE* SPACESHIPS.

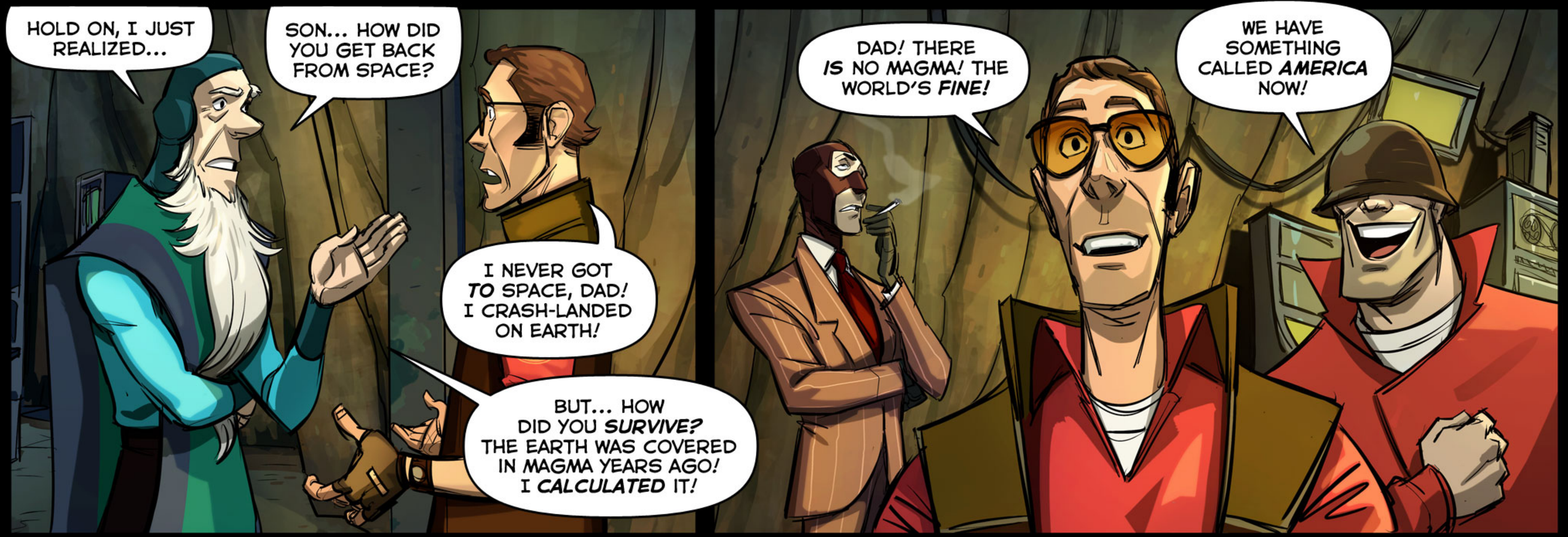
THEY EXPLODED.

YOU...

YOU...

YOU...

HERE. THIS HELPS.


HOLD ON, I JUST REALIZED...
SON... HOW DID YOU GET BACK FROM SPACE?
I NEVER GOT *TO* SPACE, DAD! I CRASH-LANDED ON EARTH!
BUT... HOW DID YOU *SURVIVE?* THE EARTH WAS COVERED IN MAGMA YEARS AGO! I *CALCULATED* IT!
DAD! THERE *IS* NO MAGMA! THE WORLD'S *FINE!*
WE HAVE SOMETHING CALLED *AMERICA* NOW!

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SO...

THE EARTH *HASN'T* BEEN DESTROYED. AND OUR SPACESHIP IS COVERED IN A *PRICELESS* METAL.

LAR-NAH! THAT'S ALL JUST *CONJECTURE!*

WHAT'S IMPORTANT IS THAT OUR STAR-CHILD HAS *RETURNED!* FROM THE *FARTHEST REACHES OF SPACE!*

SON, I WANT YOU TO LISTEN TO ME.

THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN WAITING TO ASK YOU FOR A *LONG TIME.*

HOLD ON, I JUST REALIZED...

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SON, I WANT YOU TO LISTEN TO ME.

THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN WAITING TO ASK YOU FOR A *LONG TIME.*

DO *YOU...*

HAVE ANY *MONEY.*

THANKS, SON. DON'T TELL YOUR MOTHER.
WHERE IS YOUR MOTHER, ANYWAY?

FOOM

THANKS, SON. DON'T TELL YOUR MOTHER.

WHERE *IS* YOUR MOTHER, ANYWAY?

FOOM

MOM!

NO NO NO
NO NO NO!

YOUR MOTHER JUST STOLE THE LAST AUSTRALIUM ON EARTH!

UNLESS...

MOM!

NO NO NO
NO NO NO!

YOUR MOTHER JUST STOLE THE LAST AUSTRALIUM ON EARTH!

UNLESS...

HFF

HFF

HFF

WE NEED TO LEAVE *RIGHT NOW.*

WAITWAITWAIT! SNIPER'S FATHER COULDN'T GET HIS ROCKET INTO *ORBIT* THE FIRST TIME, REMEMBER?

I NEED TO FIND OUT WHERE SHE *LANDS!*

WE CAN STILL SALVAGE THE MISSION! WE CAN—

OH NO.

"IT'S GONE."

"THE *ONE THING* SHE SENT US TO GET..."

"THE ADMINISTRATOR IS GOING TO *KILL* ME."

SHE WON'T GET THE CHANCE UNLESS WE HURRY.

GUYS! GET TO THE SUB!

WAIT! WHERE'S MY DAD?

HE MUST BE BACK AT THE LAB!

SNIPER, DON'T! IF YOU GO BACK, YOU'LL DIE!

SHE WON'T GET THE CHANCE UNLESS WE HURRY.

GUYS! GET TO THE SUB!

IT DON'T MATTER.

HE'S MY DAD.

IF I'M NOT BACK IN—

THERE HE IS.

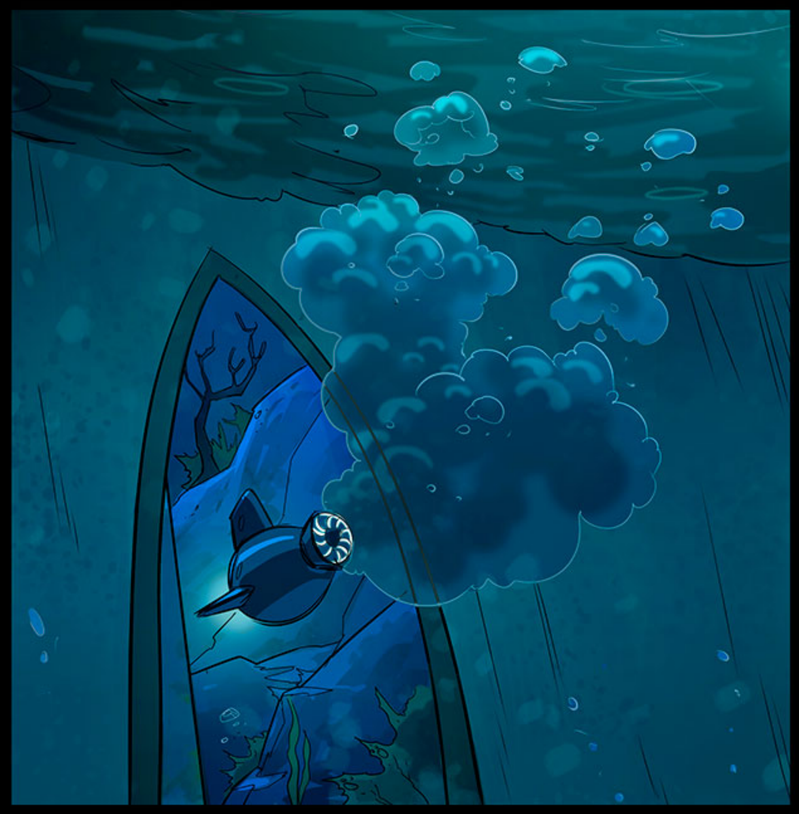
OVER THERE. BY OUR SUBMARINE.

NOW HE IS *IN* OUR SUBMARINE.

WAIT! WHERE'S MY DAD?

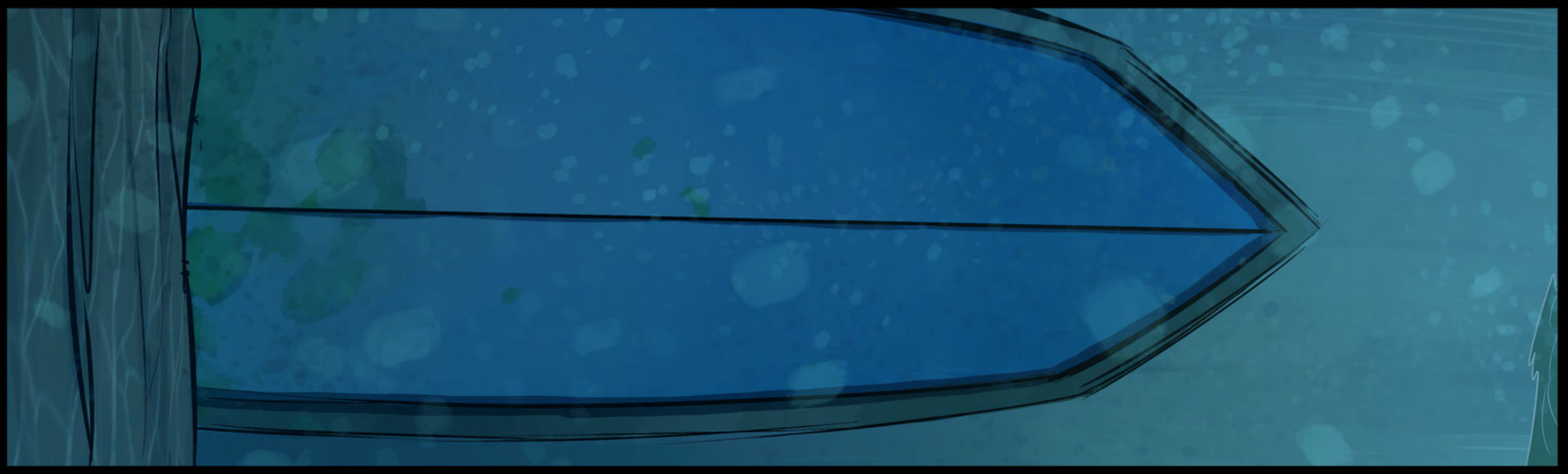
HE MUST BE BACK AT THE LAB!

SNIPER, DON'T! IF YOU GO BACK, YOU'LL DIE!



CROOOOM

UM.
SORRY.



WAIT! IT'S OPENING AGAIN!

CROOOOM

HE CAME BACK.

HE CAME BACK!

AW, HELL.

WAIT! IT'S OPENING AGAIN!

CROOOOM

HE CAME BACK.

HE CAME BACK!

AW, HELL.

BLAM BLAM

I HOPE THE REST OF YOU REJECTS DON'T DIE THAT EASY.

'CAUSE WE GOT SOME QUESTIONS THAT NEED ANSWERS.

SO...

WHO WANTS TO GO FIRST?

TO BE CONTINUED